

PEOPLE & THINGS By ATTICUS

THE sturdiest of travellers has been, somewhat staggered by the detailed programme arranged for the Queen in the United States. Even on the last night of her six-day State visit, she is scheduled to attend a Pilgrim Society dinner at the Waldorf, followed by a Commonwealth Ball, before embarking in the royal aircraft at Idlewild at 10.45 p.m.

During the same day she will have crossed to Manhattan in a ferry, been to the City Hall, addressed the United Nations, attended a lunch given by the Mayor, and ascended the Empire State Building.

To judge by the official schedule, the first day of the visit will be still more crowded. Between her arrival by plane at Jamestown at 1.30 in the afternoon and the time, well after midnight, when she will leave the banquet given in her honour by the Governor of Virginia, the Queen will have visited fourteen separate points, including James Fort, a service in the old church on Jamestown Island, and a call on the President's House at the College of William and Mary.

Is all this too much?

I understand that Commander Colville, the Queen's Press Secretary, spent several days in America early in September amicably paring down the number of Royal engagements, so that the Queen would have "not just time to dress, but ample time to dress." He is satisfied that now, the first day apart, the programme is no more strenuous than the last State visit to France.

All the same, in the 107 items on the entire list, there is no single entry that says "No Engagements."

Our Scientific Ambassador

WHILE the Queen visits the National Gallery of Art in Washington on this crowded itinerary, the Duke of Edinburgh will be fulfilling an engagement which Americans hope may be the basis of a

new sort of Anglo-American co-operation.

The American "Saturday Review" has been pointing out that Britain excels in scientific research, America in applied technology; and that there is scope here for considerable mutual aid. The Duke, as "beyond cavil, the Scientific Ambassador for the Queen," would be ideally qualified to initiate such negotiations.

His address to the National Academy of Sciences in Washington may bring home to America the need for a scientific adviser on the President's immediate staff; an idea in which the White House is at present "almost aggressively disinterested."

"If science in the United States had a spokesman of the Prince's political stature," says the "Saturday Review," there could develop "a continuous fruitful exchange of American scientific technology for British scientific theory." The occasion is called "an opportunity seldom matched in the history of scientific man."

Patriotic Gesture

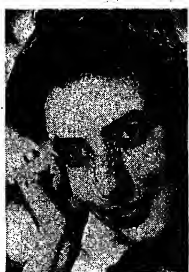
A MOST imaginative and attractive experiment in Anglo-American relations begins today. Three specially chartered planes will land here with 240 Americans on board. They are no ordinary tourists; in fact they are a complete cross-section of the citizens of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. There are all ages and sizes. There are doctors, secretaries, railway workers, salesmen and newspaper boys. Not one has ever visited England before.

The expedition is being financed by the Harrisburg "Patriot," whose editor, Mr. Ed Russell, is the husband of Lady Sarah Churchill, daughter of the Duke, and Duchess of Marlborough. The Americans—all 240—will be entertained to tea by the duchess tomorrow. She is also inviting fifty people from Woodstock village who range over as wide a variety of occupations as the Americans. She tells me she is looking forward to the experi-

ence. "It will be good for us all. So many of us never meet our opposite numbers in America."

Brains Trust-Guardian

MISS CATHERINE DOVE, who at twenty-six has been appointed as the next producer of the apparently inexhaustible B.B.C. Television "Brains Trust," says that as a child she was "practically brought up" on the voices of Huxley, Russell and Campbell, and that she in-



Miss Catherine Dove

tends no drastic alterations in this time-honoured piece of the British Sunday.

"Don't think for one moment I'm going to flood the studio with angry young men, although I have my own private list of people who have never been on television and who I think will be simply splendid."

Miss Dove entered television talks four years ago on the recommendation of Paul Rotha, and is one of the few women to survive the endless succession of late nights and Angst that producing for television entails. Her ambition is to produce eventually a regular magazine programme on the arts.

Reluctant Autobiographer

I AM told it is with considerable reluctance that Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks agreed to write his story of the last war specially for *THE SUNDAY TIMES*. Those who know him best will understand how he shrinks from the kind of adulation which has already greeted him as an overnight television star.

The fan mail was bad enough, but he felt it was the last straw when a viewer rang to say their litter of kittens had been born during his talk and that one was therefore being christened Black Rod.

Though now a member of the Royal Household, Sir Brian retains his devotion to the Army. Worried about the amalgamation of regiments, and recruiting problems, he has great faith in publicity as a remedy, and what better advertisement for the Army than the stories of those victorious campaigns, put over with his peculiar verve and individuality?

Recently he has been doing a lot of sailing, a sport he has only lately taken up. He says he is getting fit for the re-assembly of Parliament at the end of the month.

The Sabbath Day

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has been talking to me about his views on Sunday observance.

He said that he wrote his original letter to Mr. Jack Warner, president of the Sunday Freedom Association, in which he described the present Sunday laws as "ridiculous and a cause of offence" because "I wanted to make it plain that the Church was not dying in the last ditch and defending a set of antiquated laws you can pick holes in wherever you wish."

Two of the things the Archbishop particularly objects to about the present law are the way it encourages the anomaly of double pay for Sunday work

and the "barren commercial exploitation that goes under the guise of performances for charity."

He emphasises that as a Victorian himself he is in no way opposed to the idea of the Victorian Sunday. "It had many lovely things about it and even the fact of people dressing up in their best clothes for Sunday was a blessing of a certain type."

But just as many of the present laws have become useless, so Christian people themselves have readjusted their ideas on Sunday observance, but quite apart from religion, he thinks it a good rule that nobody should work on Sunday at the same thing he does for the rest of the week.

Fun in Footnotes

"VERY proud and slightly appalled" was the reaction of Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis last week on becoming the first publisher to be made chairman of the London Library in the 120 years of its history, but he tells me that whatever the outcome of the present rating dispute he is determined that the library shall retain its present character unscathed.

Mr. Hart-Davis took the unusual step of entering publishing originally from a studentship at the Old Bailey. It was there that he was first introduced to Mr. Hamish Hamilton, "to whom I owe my career in publishing."

Since he started his own publishing house, on demobilisation from the Coldstream Guards at the end of the war, he has also found time to write his life of Hugh Walpole and to edit the recently published letters of George Moore to Lady Curzon. Currently working on the first collected edition of the letters of Oscar Wilde, he admits that he is always behindhand with his work, but says that he often finds footnotes more fun than publishing.

For many years he has lived in a farmhouse in Oxfordshire with Mr. Peter Fleming as his landlord, and it was Mr. Fleming who took Mr. Hart-Davis's son Duff with him on the recent tour of Russia which he describes on page 10.

Mr. Amis, Cont'd.

WHAT are the reactions of a best-selling author who sees his novel on the screen for the first time? Mr. Kingsley Amis tells me that with "Lucky Jim" "there were a few lines at the beginning that made me squirm a bit, but nothing that really upset me and quite a lot I was very happy about."

Next week his latest novel, about a henpecked insurance journalist involved in an American-sponsored trip to Portugal, makes an unusual debut as a magazine serial. Mr. Amis describes it as a much lighter novel than any he has written so far, and says it will include one attack on the "still-growing cult of abroad" and another on the grand old man of literature, a character who is a cross between Henry James and Virginia Woolf.

Despite considerable financial success, Mr. Amis says that he has no intention of leaving his lecturer's desk in the University at Swansea. He finds Wales a fine place for a writer, he enjoys teaching, and Swansea has "the great advantage for a writer of keeping me away from London."

His plans for the future include some short stories on life in Swansea, an academic book on the history of criticism, and "a more solid novel. I'm just beginning about a young woman who teaches at an infant school."

Do You 'Muggins'?

KENNETH KONSTAM, our Bridge Correspondent, needs no introduction to those many readers who enjoy a quiet rubber. But even they may like to know of "a histories and

to card playing," which under the title of "Enquire Within" he has completed for Messrs. Thomas de la Rue.

To me the most fascinating of all Konstam's summaries are the old nursery games for children—Snap, Beggar - my - Neighbour, and that riotous game, Cheating. But why no mention of the best children's game of all—that game with its deliberately elaborate code of rules, any breach of which exposes the offender to loud cries of "Muggins!"

People and Words

Any wild oats, political and otherwise, are best sown in youth. They may be painful, even dangerous, in middle age.

—MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN.

The happiest day in a writer's life is when he comes to terms with his own mortality.

—MR. OLIVER MOXON.

Christianity has been too much of a masculine affair all along.

—DR. DONALD SOPER.